

Sunday evening.

I am carrying Miss Weston, to the Fair. — That is, if wind and tide are not against me at the last minute. Every movement I make is in reference to it; almost every sweep I make round the kitchen, into the cellar, & <sup>store room,</sup> garret, has something to do in making all right & tight against the time that I shall be away. This week I must look into my wardrobe & look after the stray aprons & pantalettes that are promised for the Fair. The things that I shall carry for my table, will be the real home spun, no gewgaws, and catchpennies, & such as are valuable only in fancy's realm, but the real substantial fabric, that will clothe the naked, and keep them warm too.

I shall be in Boston Monday morning, and accept your and your sisters, polite invitation to stop at No. 11 West St. I do it with much pleasure & some reluctance, for the place that you reserve for me, might be filled with a better man. I hope I shall find you soon after

I arrive, for your will must act in,  
and through me, for I am sure I  
shall have no will of my own, in such  
a new scene.

I received Mrs. Chapman's and your  
letter & the tickets Friday evening.  
I am afraid you have sent them to a  
poor market, but I will do what I can  
with them. I had the headache yester-  
day, & was not able to go out far. I went  
into the Miss Thaxters, in the evening,  
hoping I could dispose of one or more  
there, but did not succeed. Miss Eliza is  
going to the city to spend Christmas  
week, & said that she should admire  
to be at the soiree, but preferred  
waiting till she arrived at her friends,  
before she took a ticket. I shall put one  
off upon Mr. Smith & Mary Barney, &  
Miss Tidmarsh, I think. I have not  
much hopes of any others. I think Mr.  
Smith will be up on Christmas. Whether  
he will send you some verses previous  
to that, or whether he will carry them  
& sing them at the soiree, or whether they  
will remain unperformed and void, time



only will determine. He has dwelt  
so much lately in the world of facts,  
that I suspect the world of fancy  
is shut entirely from his view.

I think it is a fine idea, this social gather-  
ing in the evening. I hope you will  
provide bountifully for the table, and  
bountifully for the mind. That  
there will be little eating, and much  
talking, little drinking, and much  
speechifying, so that the treasury  
may be full, our minds invigorated,  
and our bodies not weakened.

We have had no preaching at our church  
to-day, except an extempore sermon  
that Mr. Smith made in his old  
coat, upon the spur of the moment.  
Mr. Stearnes went to Scituate yester-  
day to exchange with Mr. Sewell,  
but the storm, or some other reason,  
prevented his coming, & when our  
good folks had gotten together, there  
was no one to dispense the word of  
life; and they chose one from their own  
number to say a few words to them as  
in primitive times. Please tell Mrs. Chapman  
that I will do the best I can with the tickets.

& if I cannot dispose of nearly all, which  
will probably be the case, I will send those  
that remain up this week. Maria sends  
her love to you, and says, that all her efforts  
will be needed to make me ready, & that  
she cannot think of going to the Fair, or  
even to the sweater away, as Mr. Russell calls  
it. Very affectionately your friend  
Evelina St. L. Smith

Boston.

Mrs. Caroline Weston